

The Newport Daily News.

\$5.00 PER ANNUM...

"Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable,"—Webster.

—SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

VOL. XVII.

NEWPORT, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 14, 1863.

NO 323

The Daily News.

For Prospectus, Advertising and Subscription Terms, See last Column of this page.

Miscellany

[London Correspondence of the New York World.]

THE ENGLISH POMPEII.

Perhaps you are not aware that we have a sort of Pompeii of a burial city here in England, now undergoing the process of being unearthed.

In Shropshire, about six miles southeast from Shrewsbury, is a little village called Worxeter, situated on the Severn, and surrounded by vestiges of antiquity. In the Roman times there was a station there, called Uxoricium or Viriconium; and to this day a compact and ditch, with remains of walls, three miles in circumference, mark the boundaries of the city. Other Roman stations, and some British encampments, are scattered all over the adjacent country; and the antiquary has only to turn up the soil to be rewarded with an ample crop of relics. The noble chieftain, Caractacus, is supposed by Camden to have been defeated by the Romans not far off, and the presence of the old Imperial legions is to be traced in every direction. But Worcester is the place to which special attention is now being directed. The ancient town or station of Uxoricium was destroyed by the Saxons in their contests with the Romancing Britons; and the remains are at this moment being disinterred, after a lapse of thirteen hundred years. The results are highly interesting and valuable. Whole houses, as in the case of Pompeii and Heracleum, have been laid bare, and the workshop of an artificer in metals is now being opened. A small heap of Roman coins lay on the sill when the chamber was first broken into, and the fragments of a small earthenware vessel were found on the floor, dropped there apparently by some one who was carrying it away. This earthen pot is supposed to have contained the coins. A large square pier, built of stone, occupies the center of the room, and in one corner a raised structure of clay, having in the upper part a furnace, which has been verified by the intensity of the heat. A large quantity of charcoal is scattered about the chimney, together with several pieces of figured Samian ware. Eastward from the furnace, a low wall runs across the room, another branching from it northward. Other objects of interest are also to be seen in the inclosure, and the museum, which is being formed out of the recent discoveries, has received some very valuable additions, in the shape of ancient shields, pruning-hoops, knives, pottery, and glass, &c.

A large extent of buildings is now revealed once more to the light of day; but I am sorry to say it reported that the excavation committee is in want of funds.

From the Missouri Democrat, May 22.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

That's the very thing. What have you done? For two years past the country has been up and doing.—Loyalty has armed itself, and gone to the field to battle with treason for the life of a nation. Traitors have arisen in every part of the land, and by their voice, their pen, or their sword, they have sought to overthrow the established Government and shatter the Union; and what have you done? Perhaps you are a man of wealth. Have you contributed to the cause of your country? Perhaps you are a man of high social position, and commanding influence. Have you devoted these to the welfare of the nation? Perhaps you are a professional man, of education, of talent; a physician, a lawyer, a preacher, able to move and control multitudes of men and women, and lead them to the adoption of correct sentiments, and to put forth patriotic efforts to put down the rebellion and support the Government. Have you aroused all the energies of your nature, and brought to bear all your talents and your social professional influence to uphold the Government in its gigantic struggle with armed traitors? Have you come up to the demands of the day in which you live, and met the vast responsibilities of a citizen of a great republic involved in all the perils of a terrible civil war? Have you, by word and deed, to the utmost of your activity, in your family, in your neighborhood, in your city, in your State, wherever your influence could be felt, encouraged a loyal and earnest devotion to the cause of the nation, and opposition to and detestation of the rebellion? In a word, have you done what you could to meet the demand which the republic has upon every citizen, to furnish all the aid in his power to uphold its authority and strengthen its efforts to overthrow the machinations of traitors.

THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG IN ENGLAND.

We copy from a memoir of Lilian W. Watson, in the last number of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, the following anecdote of Copley the artist, who, it will be recollect, was born in Boston, and was the father of the present Lord Lyndhurst:

Soon after Mr. Watson's arrival in England he dined with Copley, the distinguished painter, a Bostonian by birth, and came to the conclusion to expend a hundred guineas, which he had just easily obtained, for a splendid portrait of himself by that celebrated artist.

"The painting was finished," says Mr. W. in his Journal, "in most admirable style, except the back ground, which Copley and I designed

to represent a ship bearing to America the acknowledgment of independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the Union streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a con-tent resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America as in the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. 'This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England.'

PAPER HANGINGS.

A NEW STOCK of Paper Hangings, Borderwork, Curtains, WAIR, Agent, 69 Thames St., April 17.

FABISHEE FOR SALE.

RIVINYL R. WILSON'S, 79 Thames St.

STRIPED CASIMIRE AND WOOL SHAWLS.

JAS. H. HUMPHREY, 93 Thames St., April 17.

TEMBERSE BULBS

for sale—now is the time to start them. Mrs. T. E. Foster and Gladys Bulbs, Poole, R. Wilsons, 79 Thames St., April 17.

HATS AND CAPS.

THE largest variety of Fall Hats and Caps, for Spring, are offered in this city by 169 of the store, No. 127 Broad & Spring St., by J. H. COZZENS, & CO.

GRAND PIANO TO RENT.

To rent for the season, a fine grand piano. Apply to 104 Broad St., ALFRED SMITH.

FLOUR AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CORNELLS, May 21.

RAISINS.

CORNELLS, May 21.

GARDEN SEEDS.

CORNELLS, May 21.

SEA BREAD.

JOSEPH H. HOPKINS, Opposite Post Office.

FOOD SHIRTS.

Extra long for tall people. Extra large wash; for stout people. Small or quaker type, and a full assortment of Children's, just received. E. W. LAWTON, Jr., May 22.

SHAWLS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of Summer Shawls, at 126 Thames St., by E. W. LAWTON, Jr., May 22.

LAWN AND SUMMER DRESS MATERIAL.

Offered this week, at 126 Thames Street, E. W. LAWTON, Jr.

GET THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

SAIL BOAT AND ROW BOAT.

FOR SALE, or to hire for the season, enlarged sail boat with all things belonging. Also a Row Boat just painted, 10 ft. long, 4 ft. wide. Can be had at Petty Mill Wharf. Apply to W. K. DELANY, Jr., 5 Legion St., May 22.

JUST ARRIVED.

A CARGO of 150 tons of heavy Coal, including this, dry-dry and very handsome. For sale by PEPPER & PITMAN, Commercial Wharf, May 22.

JANOS TO RENT.

WARD, Agent, 69 Thames St., May 22.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

Geley's Magazine for June. Attractive Monthly for sale at J. T. TELFORD, May 22.

IF YOU WOULD SING WELL.

EVERY SATURDAY, the adjustable Lessons and Exercises contained in "Bach's Art of Singing," a Practical System for the Cultivation of the Voice, treats the subject in a simple, lucid, and plain didactic manner, and is recommended by Teachers and Vocalists as the best work for those who wish to become numbered among the best singers. \$10.00 Volce, \$3.50;bridge, 5.75; Tenor, 2.75.

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THE CHERUB—A Collection of Songs for SABBATH SCHOOLS and SABBATH EVENINGS, by J. G. Johnson. Those who wish something new and fresh for the Sabbath School, or the children at home, will find 125 bright and attractive songs in this new book—songs just suited to the young mind. Complete, postpaid. Price, \$1.75. C. S. & J. 104 Broad St., Boston, May 22.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

Each number containing sixteen pages, including 1000 lines of musical compositions, Essays, criticisms, Poetry, Books of Concerts, a General Summary of Musical Intelligence, and comprehensive account of the United States and Europe.

For specimen copies, apply for an application published by DWIGHT'S SON & CO., 27 Washington Street, Boston.

PLANTS.

B. WILSON'S, 79 Thames St., April 22.

SPRING DRESSES.

STRIPED VALENCIAS, both English and French, new and stylish, at prices to the same quality, as last year, are now offered by

E. W. LAWTON BROTHERS, April 22.

COMIC SONG.

THE new and popular comic played yesterday by the American Brass Band, from Providence, can be had in America, in full quantity, from the City of New York.

T. W. WOOD, May 22.

VELVET, BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES and all kind of COMMON CARPETS.

At prices much below those of the leading manufacturers, now offered at

W. M. COZZENS & CO., 79 Thames St., April 22.

STORAGE OF STOVES.

PERSONS wishing their stoves stored during the summer months, can have them kept for them, securely kept, during the season, and packed and put up in the fall, by leaving their orders at 169 Thames St., by

W. H. BLISS, April 22.

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW INVOICE of the celebrated Construction

CLARK'S, 24 Thames Street, April 22.

FOR RENT.

A SMALL COTTAGE on the Barbadoes Road for one hundred dollars to 1st of May last, or eighty dollars to October 1863. Apply to ALFRED SMITH.

FOR SALE.

CLASPS and fittings, done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

W. H. BLISS, 79 Thames St., April 22.

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Groceries.

STANDARD GROCERIES.

The Subscribers has just received a large assortment of Groceries, Fruits, &c., which he offers for sale at low prices than they can be bought in the city.

Extra quality Sugar Cane Sugar.

" " " Dried Beef.

FRUIT.

A large assortment suitable for Election Cakes and Pies consisting of

Currants, Apples, Lemons,

Raisins, Canton Glazier,

Oranges, Pecan Nuts,

Hand and Soft Shelled Almonds.

SUGAR.

Of all the different grades.

TEAS.

Of extra quality and flavor.

COFFEE.

Black, Mocha, Java

MOLASSES.

New Orleans, Muscovado

SUNDRIES.

Bacon, Sago, Turnips,

Carb. Soda, Macaroni,

Almondine Candles, Corn Starch,

Becker's Farina, English Herring,

Cream Tartar, Salt,

Tobacco, Soap,

Blacking, Vermicelli.

SOLOMON T. HUBBARD.

Jan 27. At Corner Washington Square & Thames St.

Miscellaneous.

C. G. MUENZINGER,

Ice Cream, Cake and Confectionery,

No. 74 Spring Street.

HAVING recently improved my Ice Cream Establishment with the best, labor-saving machines for freezing Cream, I am now able to meet any demand at the shortest notice, and furnish Ice Cream of a most superior quality, at a reduced price.

Hotels, Boarding-Houses, Cafes, Retailers and others for Ice Cream, Ice, Jellies, Charlotte, Puddings, and Fancy Cakes, etc., from any part of the city and vicinity, will be well supplied with the finest and best articles.

Any amount of Toys and Fancy Boxes, I shall be happy to supply as usual.

Thankfully acknowledging past kind patronage, I will ever strive to secure a continuance of the same.

Gett's

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The Daily News

NEWPORT:

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 4, 1863.

For Correspondents, Local News Items, &c., see this page—Latest News, &c., from all parts of the country—Advertisers’ Commercial and Marine Matters, &c., &c.—Miscellaneous Reading, full Subscription and Advertising Terms, First page.

Advertisements not enclosed to insert stereotyped slips, or catch in the columns of this paper.

NOTICES.

Complaints are being constantly made in our newspaper of a species of vandalism, which is beyond all exertion. Upon newly painted houses and fences, especially, if the color of them be white, are seen everywhere, amateur “scribbling,” without reference to any particular design, and in all sorts of colors. A person, young or old, we may presume, comes along with a pen and brush, and invited by the freshly whitened surface of a house or fence, draws a line he carried it, or marks it, in some other way, perhaps with an obscene device. This is a good excuse, and the best and only way to cure this would be to prosecute the first one, known or otherwise, to the full extent of the law.

If a person, who has not before particularly noticed it, should take a walk through any of our public squares, with a view of noticing the extent of this vandalism, he would be astonished to see how, very generally our houses and fences, are cut, shaved, marred and injured in all conceivable modes by these barbarous practices.

Another nuisance, existing particularly at this time of the year, when nature has donned her most beautiful garments, and decked herself in flowers, is wrought upon the shrubs, trees and flowers, that adorn the grounds and the yards of our residences. People, and these too often adults, will pass along, and suddenly pull off the branch of a beautiful blooming rose, or pluck some choice flower or bush that offers its morning and evening fragrance in our grounds. And this is done from sheer misdeed—sometimes injuring and sometimes maiming what it has cost the owner money, time and labor to procure and cultivate. These practices are detestable. But what can we expect, when, as we enter our beautiful cemetery, the first thing that stares us in the face is a large placard of the State Law against killing the graves of the dead or the fragrant tokens of remembrance, and have placed over them by the hands of those whom mourn the loss of departed friends? Can it be possible, in this land and age, that such a provision to the graves of the sleeping dead is necessary? Graves of the dead: sanctified by the respect of the most savage people on the globe. And this reprobate, too, is our own. It belongs to Yankee land. The European nations are guiltless, at least, of this reproach. It is said that an American is known as a traitor by his “always selling his master.” But there is another test by which a certain class could be easily recognized. Admit specimens of these departing Yankees into the beautiful public gardens of the capitals of Europe, and they would soon discover their nationality, by casting their names on the ornamental trees, or making personal botanical investigations among the exotics then in bloom. But in Europe the gardens and parks are all open to the public of all classes, and yet it is not necessary to prevent them, even so much as “keep off the grass.” Every man, woman and child seems to be a well-constituted conservator of these beautiful public resorts and ornamental breathing places of their crowded cities.

The whole thing with us is a crying shame, and it is true we are all better taught in regard to this evil. Every man who paints his house or beautifies its surroundings, although he does so purely to indulge his own taste for the beautiful, also does it for the public good, and the gratification of the public taste, who all participate with him in the beauty he has helped to invoke. Every man who plants a tree, even a shrub or a flower, is a public benefactor—especially he who plants a tree, the value of which must be postponed to the enjoyment of those who are to come after him.

The whole matter of these complaints and accusations is clear vandalism—it is unworthy a land of churches and public schools, *par excellence*. The general diffusion of a knowledge that does not elevate and refine the tastes of a people is a curse—a downright, positive failure of mind. Let our schools be surrounded with trees and shrubs and flowers—let our streets be built after the best models of good taste, and, in matters of taste, we shall approach a high level, at least, with the Italian, French, Spanish and gay as they are, will yet sustain the claim of God’s choicest gifts, having up to them in the beauties of nature, and keep appropriate and preserve them: thus, at last, in this, exhibiting a true natural religion, in recognizing the presence of an Almighty hand in every tree, and shrub and flower, which sheds its beauties and fragrance alike for the rich and the poor, the lofty and the ignoble.

It is a fact that about sixteen men constitute the whole political affairs of New York and no man has the right to officiate position if he is not a member of the “Harlow Weed men, and the Douglassites,”—“the whole without the consent of Douglassites, Tammany Hall, and J. Mazzoni. They are the exact types of New York seen to be the most abominable political scoundrels.

To a man, every man who is ever wrought by love is the restoration of a captive.

Accosted to a Horse.—Yesterday, as two horses were standing in their stalls beside each other, in the barn of Joseph I. Bailey Esq., they

Local News Items.

bucked out as far as to be able to get together, when one kicked the other, breaking the right hind leg just above the fetter-lock. The injured animal was a fine breeding mare, and was valued at rising two-hundred dollars.

Mr. Bailey gave her to Mr. Russell Bascom, on the Island, who had her conveyed to his farm, on Benjamin Burton’s day, where the broken limb will be set and splinted, in the hope of saving her for breeding purposes.

CHARLES LANGLEY, whose right foot was badly injured, by a large block of marble at Steven’s Stone Yard, a few days ago, is out today for the first time since, on crutches. Mr. Langley is one of our industrious and prompt expressmen, and this accident at this season of the year, and which will require some time now, for full recovery, is bad. We were glad to see him out.

Our Army Correspondent.

FROM THE TWELFTH U. S. REGIMENT.

We publish this letter with pleasure, as the writer’s views have undergone a change by his actual contact with rebellion, and his aversion to the cause of Yalhundhur, plainly exhibits the views of our soldiers in regard to the Northern opponents, who are doing all in their power to aid rebellion, while our brave soldiers are sacrificing their lives in the field:

CAMP NEAR CHAN OUDHARO, KY.
May 28th, 1863.

Dear Sirs.—The 2nd Division of the 9th Army Corps broke camp near Lancaster yesterday morning, and after a march of twelve miles arrived at our present encampment, which is about a mile and a half from a small place of nearly three hundred inhabitants, called “Cuba Orchard town.”

The day was very hot, and the road being very muddy was anything else but a pleasant one. It is no delightful task to march some twelve or fifteen miles over roads which are mire deep with dust, not a breath of wind stirring to cool the soldiers “sweated like”—pedally encumbered as we were, with bleeded bladders,” armed and equipped, and three days ration in our haversacks, amounting to nearly seventy pounds. In some places the road was thrown with stones about as large as an egg, and I can assure you that they did anything else but a good effect upon our feet.

But we arrived in camp, every thing considered, in good order, with but very few stragglers behind. There is always, in a march, I don’t care how short the distance marched, may be, more or less stragglers. This march was not a long one, but it was the same that we marched to Alexandria, La., with orders to move down the Red River to Santa Fe the next day. There was a probability that the regiment would be consolidated with one from Louisiana and one from Texas, the whole to under the command of Col. Gorham.

Col. Metcalf is Chief of Artillery and Ordnance in the Ninth Army Corps.

Fort Pulaski is now garrisoned by six companies of the Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, the 48 New York having been withdrawn.

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“Well, Pat,” says the General, “and what do you want?”

“I’m sorry, sir, to trouble you,” answered Pat. “I’ll do, P. T. C. and the General, as he told me, are laughing.”

An amusing thing occurred in the 24th Ohio. A few days since a soldier, in passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He enquired who it was.

“John Burns,” said the other.

“Why?” replied his John is not dead yet. It is for you to make a man’s coffin when you don’t know if he is going to die or not.”

“Don’t trouble yourself,” replied the others.

“Do, Captain, to make his coffin, and I give you leave to do your best.”

They then took him for initiating to Jeff Davis confederates. An Irishman who will enough “mountain don” on board to make him noisy, was parading the streets the other day, and, exciting his independence of all the governments in the world, exclaimed, “We’re mocc’d that’s a fact!”—but then he aped an officer a few years back, and, to finish his sentence—“from the South of Ireland, be jibberish!”

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“Don’t trouble yourself,” replied the others.

“Do, Captain, to make his coffin, and I give you leave to do your best.”

They then took him for initiating to Jeff Davis confederates. An Irishman who will enough “mountain don” on board to make him noisy, was parading the streets the other day, and, exciting his independence of all the governments in the world, exclaimed, “We’re mocc’d that’s a fact!”—but then he aped an officer a few years back, and, to finish his sentence—“from the South of Ireland, be jibberish!”

“John Burns,” said the other.

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